Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

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The Merchant's Clerk.

Passages from the Diary of a late London Physician.

☞ CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.

So this ill-fated couple were married, no one attending at the brief, and cheerless ceremony, but a friend of Elliott's, and the humble couple from whose house she had been married.

Elliott had commenced legal proceedings against Mr. Hillary, on account of his malicious prosecution. He was certain of success, and of thereby wringing from his reluctant and wicked father-in-law, a very considerable sum of money—a little fortune in his present circumstances. With a noble forbearance, however, and yielding to the entreaties of his wife, who had not lost, in her marriage, the feelings of a daughter towards her erring parent, he abandoned them; his solicitor writing, at his desire, to inform Mr. Hillary of the fact that his client had determined to discontinue proceedings, though he had had the certainty of success, before him---and that, for his wife's sake, he freely forgave Mr. Hillary.

This letter was returned with an insolent message from Mr. Hillary---and there the affair ended.

A few days after her marriage, Mrs. Elliott received the following communication from Mr. Jeffreys.

"MADAM:

"Mr. Hillary has instructed me to apprize you, as I now do with great pain, of his unalterable determination never again to recognize you as his daughter, or receive any communication, of any description, from either your husband or yourself, addressed either to Mr. or Mrs. Hillary; whom your undutiful and ungrateful conduct, he says, has separated from you forever.

"He will allow to be forwarded to any place you may direct, whatever articles belonging to you may yet remain at Bullion House, on your sending a list of them to my office.

"Spare me the pain of a personal interview on the matter: and believe me when I unfeignedly lament being the medium of communicating the intelligence contained in this letter.

"I am, Madam, your humble servant,
"JONATHAN JEFFREYS."

"To Mrs. Elliott.

With a trembling hand, assisted by her husband, she set down, after much hesitation, a few articles--books, dresses, one or two jewels, and her little dog, Cato. This, however, Mr. Hillary had caused to be destroyed the day after he discovered her flight. The other articles were sent to her immediately; and with a bitter fit of weeping did she receive them, and read the fate of her merry little favourite, who had frisked about her to the last with sportive affection, when almost every body else scowled at and forsook her! Thus closed for ever, as she too surely felt, all connection and communication with her father and mother.

Elliott regarded his noble spirited wife, as well he might, with a fondness bordering on idolatry. The vast sacrifice she had made for him overpowered him whenever he adverted to it, and inspired him, not only with the most tender and enthusiastic affection and gratitude, but with the eagerest anxiety to secure her by his own efforts at least a comfortable home. He engaged small but respectable lodgings in the Borough, to which they removed the day after marriage, and after making desperate exertions, he had the gratification of procuring a situation as clerk in a respectable mercantile house in the city, and which he had obtained through the friendly, but secret, services of one of the members of the firm he had last served. His superior qualifications secured him a salary of £50 a year, with the promise of its increase, if he continued to give satisfaction. Thus creditably settled, the troubled couple began to breathe a little more freely; and in the course of a twelvemonth, Mrs. Elliott's poignant grief first declined into melancholy, which was at length mitigated into a pensive if not cheerful resignation. She moved in her little circumscribed sphere as if she had never occupied one of splendour and affluence. How happily passed the hours they spent together in the evening, after he had quitted the scene of his daily labours---he reading, or playing on his flute, which he did very beautifully---and she busily employed with her needle! How they loved their neat little parlour, as they sometimes involuntarily compared it,—she, with the spacious and splendid apartments which had witnessed so much of her suffering at Bullion House---he, with the dreadful cells at Newgate! And their Sundays! what sweet and calm repose they brought! How she loved to walk with him after church hours in the fresh and breezy places---the Parks---though a pang occasionally shot through her heart when she observed her father's carriage---he the solitary occupant---rolling leisurely past them!—The very carriage in which she and her little Cato had so often driven! But thoughts such as these seldom intruded, and when they did, only drove her closer to her husband---a pearl to her, indeed---if it may not be irreverently spoken---of great price---a price she never once regretted to have paid.

Ye fond unfortunate souls! what days of darkness were in store for you! About eighteen months after their marriage, Mrs. Elliott, after a lingering and dangerous accouchement, gave birth to a son—the little creature I had seen. How they consulted together about the means of apprizing Mr. Hillary of the birth of his grandson, and fondly suggested to each other the possibility of its melting the stern stubborn resolution he had formed concerning them! He heard of it, however, manifesting about as much emotion as he would on being informed of the kittening of his kitchen cat! The long fond letter she had made such an effort to write to him, and which poor Elliott had trudged all the way to Highbury to deliver, with tremulous hand, and a beating heart, to the porter at the lodge of Bullion House, was returned to them the next morning by the two-penny post, unopened! What a delirious agony was it to them to look at to hug to their bosoms---the little creature that had no friend—no relatives on earth but them! How often did his eye open surprisedly upon her, when her scorching tear dropped upon his tiny face!

She had just weaned her child, and was still suffering from the effects of nursing, when there happened the first misfortune that had befallen them since their marriage. Mr. Elliott was one night behind his usual hour of returning from the City---and his anxious wife's suspense was terminated by the appearance at their door of a hackney-coach, from which there stepped a strange gentleman, who hastily knocked at the door, and returned to assist another gentleman, in lifting out the apparently inanimate figure of her husband! Pale as death she rushed down stairs, her child in her arms, and was saved from fainting only by hearing her husband's voice, in a low tone, assuring her that he was "not much hurt"---that he had "a slight accident." The fact was, that in attempting most imprudently to shoot across the street between two approaching vehicles, he was knocked down by the pole of one of them---a post chaise, and when down, before the post boy could stop, one of his horses had kicked the prostrate passenger upon the right side. The two humane gentlemen who had accompanied him home, did all in their power to assuage the terrors of Mrs. Elliott.—One of them ran for the medical man who fortunately lived close at hand, and he pronounced the case to be, though a serious one, and requiring great care, not attended with dangerous symptoms---at least *at present*. His patient never quitted his bed for three months; at the end of which period, his employers sent a very kind message, regretting the accident that had happened, and still more, that they felt compelled to fill up his situation in their house, as he had been now so long absent, and was likely to continue absent for a much longer time, and they at the same time paid him all the salary that was due in respect of the period during which he had been absent, and a quarter's salary beyond it. Poor Elliott was thrown by this intelligence into a state of deep despondency, which was increased by the surgeon's continuance to use the language of caution, and assuring him disheartening words!—that he must not think of engaging in active business for some time yet to come. It was after a sleepless night that he and his wife stepped into a hackney coach and drove to the Bank to sell out £50 of their precious store, in order to liquidate some of the heavy expenses attendant on his long illness. Alas! what prospect was there, either of replacing what they now took, or of preserving the remainder from similar diminutions? It was now that his admirable wife acted indeed the part of a guardian angel, soothing by her fond attentions his querulous and alarmed spirit—and, that she might do so, struggling hourly to conceal her own grievous apprehensions—her hopeless despondency. As may be supposed, it had now become necessary to practise the closest economy in order to keep themselves out of debt, and to avoid the necessity of constantly drawing upon the very moderate sum which yet stood in his name in the funds. How often nevertheless, did the fond creature risk a chiding—and a severe one—from her husband—by secretly procuring for him some of the little delicacies recommended by their medical attendant, and of which no entreaties could prevail upon her to partake!

Some time after her husband recovered sufficiently to be able to walk out; but being peremptorily prohibited from engaging for some time to come in his old situation, or any other requiring similar efforts, he put an advertisement in the newspapers, offering to arrange the most involved merchant's accounts, &c. "with accuracy and expedition,"---at his own residence, and on such very moderate terms as soon brought him several offers of employment. He addressed himself with a natural but most imprudent eagerness to the troublesome and exhausting task he had undertaken; and the consequence was, that he purchased the opportunity of a month's labor, by twelve-month's incapacitation for *all* labor! A dreadful blow this was, and borne by neither of them with their former equanimity. Mrs. Elliott renewed her hopeless attempt to soften the obduracy of her father's heart. She waited for him repeatedly in the street at the hours of his quitting and returning to the city, and attempted to speak to him, but he hurried from her as from a common street beggar. She wrote letter after letter, carrying some herself, and sending others, by the post, by which latter medium all were invariably returned to her! She began to think with horror of her father's inexorable disposition---and her prayers to heaven for its interference on her behalf---or at least the faith that inspired them, became fainter and fainter.

Mr. Hillary's temper had become ten times worse than before, since his daughter's departure, owing to that as well as sundry other causes. Several of his speculations in business proved to be very unfortunate, and to entail harrassing consequences, which kept him constantly in a state of feverish irritability. Poor Mrs. Hillary continued still a hopeless paralytic, deprived of the powers both of speech and motion—all chance, therefore, of *her* precious intercession was too probably for ever at an end. In vain did Mrs. Elliott strive to interest several of her relatives in her behalf; they *professed* too great a dread of Mr. Hillary to attempt interfering in such a delicate and dangerous matter; and *really* had a very obvious interest in continuing, if not increasing, the grevious and unnatural estrangement existing between him and his daughter. There was one of them—a Miss Gubbley, a maiden aunt, or cousin of Mrs. Elliott, that had wormed herself completely into Mr. Hillary's confidence, and having been once a kind of housekeeper in the establishment, now reigned supreme at Bullion Lodge, an artful, selfish, vulgar person, an object to Mrs. Elliott of mingled terror and disgust. This was the being that,

"toad-like, sate squatting at the ear"

of her father, probably daily suggesting every hateful consideration that could tend to widen the breach already existing between him and his daughter. This creature, too, had poor Mrs. Elliott besieged with passionate and humiliating entreaties, till they were suddenly and finally checked by a display of such intolerable insolence and heartlessness as determined Mrs. Elliott, come what would, to make no further efforts in *that* quarter. She returned home, on the occasion just alluded to, worn out in body and mind. A copious flood of tears accompanying her narration to her husband of what had happened relieved her excitement; she took her child into her arms, and his playful little fingers unconsciously touching the deep responsive chords of a mother's heart, she forgot, in the ecstacy of the moment, as she folded him to her bosom, all that had occurred to make her unhappy and add to the gloom of their darkening prospects!

Closer and closer now became their retrenchments: every source of expenditure being cut off that was not absolutely indispensable. None, she told me, occasioned them a greater pang than giving up their little pew in —— church, and betaking themselves, Sunday after Sunday, to the humbler and more appropriate sittings provided in the aisle. But was this their communion and contact with poverty unfavourable to devotion? No. The serpent pride was crushed, and dared not lift his bruised head to disturb or alarm! God then drew near to the deserted couple, "weary, and heavy laden," and "cast out" by their earthly father! Yes—there she experienced a holy calm—a resignation—a reality in the services and duty of religion—which she had never known when sitting amid the trappings of ostentatious wealth, in the gorgeous pew of her father!

They were obliged to seek cheaper lodgings—moderate as was the rent required for those they had so long occupied---where they might practise a severer economy than they chose to exhibit in the presence of those who had known them when such sacrifices were not necessary---and which had also the advantage of being in the neighbourhood of a person who had promised Elliott occasional employment as a collector of rents, &c. as well as the balancing of his books every month. Long before his health warranted, did he undertake these severe labours, driven to desperation by a heavy and not over-reasonable bill delivered him by his medical attendant, and of which he pressed for the payment. With an aching heart poor Elliott sold out sufficient to discharge it, and resolved at all hazards to recommence his labours, for there was left only 70 or £80 in the bank---and he shuddered when he thought of it!—They had quitted these their second lodgings for those in which I found them about three months before her first visit to me, in order to be near another individual---himself an accountant, who had promised to employ Elliott frequently as a kind of deputy, or fag. His were the books piled before poor Elliott when first I saw him! Thus had he been engaged, to the great injury of his health, for many weeks—his own mental energy and determination flattering him with a delusive confidence in his physical vigour! Poor Mrs. Elliott also had contrived, being not unacquainted with ornamental needle-work, to obtain some employment of that description. Heavy was her heart as she sat toiling beside her husband---who was busily engaged in such a manner as would not admit of their conversing together---when her thoughts wandered over the scenes of their past history, and anticipated their gloomy prospects. Was she now paying the fearful penalty of disobedience? But where was the sin she had committed in forming an honest and ardent attachment to one whom she was satisfied was every way her equal, save in wealth? How could he have a right to dictate to her heart who should be an object of its affections? To dispose of it as of an article of merchandise—Had he any right thus to consign her to perpetual misery? To unite her to a titled villain merely to gratify his weak pride and ambition? Had she not a right to resist such an attempt?—The same Scripture that has said, *children, obey your parents*, has also said, *fathers, provoke not your children to wrath*. But had she not been too precipitate—or unduly obstinate in adhering to the man her father abhorred?—Ought any thing—alas!—to have caused her to fly from her suffering mother? O, what might have been *her* sufferings! But surely nothing could justify or extenuate the unrelenting spirit which actuated her father! And that father she knew to have acted basely—to have played the part of a devil towards the man he hated—perhaps, nay too probably, he was meditating some equally base and desperate scheme concerning herself! She silently appealed to God from amidst this conflict of her thoughts and feelings, and implored His forgiveness of her rash conduct. Her agonies were heightened by the consciousness that there existed reasons for self condemnation. But she thought of—she looked at—her husband, and her heart told her, that she should act similarly were the past again to happen.

So, then, here was this virtuous couple—he declining in health just when that health was most precious, she, too, worn out with labour and anxiety, and likely—alas!—to bring another heir to wretchedness into the world, for she was considerably advanced in pregnancy—both becoming less capable of the labour which was growing, alas! daily more essential—with scarcely £40 to fall back upon in the most desperate emergency.—Such was the dreadful situation of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott soon after the period of my first introduction to them. It was after listening to one of the most interesting and melancholy narratives that the annals of human suffering could supply, that I scarcely resolved to take upon myself the responsibility of appealing to Mr. Hillary in their behalf, hoping that for the honour of humanity my efforts would not be entirely unavailing.

He had quitted Bullion House within a twelvemonth after his daughter's flight and removed to a spacious and splendid mansion in —— Square, in the neighbourhood of my residence; and where—strange coincidence!—I was requested to attend Mrs. Hillary, who at length seemed approaching the close of her long protracted sufferings. Mr. Hillary had become quite an altered man since the defection of his daughter. Lord Scamp had introduced him freely into the society of persons of rank and station, who welcomed into their circles the possessor of so splendid a fortune; and he found, in the incessant excitement and amusement of fashionable society, a refuge from reflection, from those "compunctious visitings of remorse" which made his solitude dreadful and insupportable. I found him just such a man as I have already had occasion to describe him: a vain, vulgar, selfish, testy, overbearing old man, one of the most difficult and dangerous persons on earth to deal with in such a negociation as that I had so rashly, but Heaven knows with the best intentions, undertaken.

'Well, Mr. Hillary,' said I, entering the drawing-room, where he was standing alone, with his hands in his pockets at the windows watching some disturbance in the square—'I am afraid I can't bring you any better news about Mrs. Hillary. She weakens hourly!'

'Ah, poor creature, I see she does—indeed!' he replied sighing, quitting the window, and offering me one of the many beautiful chairs that stood in the splendid apartment. 'Well, she's been a good wife to me, I must say—a very good wife, and I've always thought and said so.' Thrusting his hands into the pockets of his ample white waistcoat, he walked up and down the room. 'Well, poor soul! she's had all that money could get her, doctor, however, and she knows it—that's a comfort—but it ain't *money* can keep death off, is it?'

'No, indeed, Mr. Hillary; but it can mitigate some of its terrors. What a consolation will it be for you hereafter, to reflect that Mrs. Hillary has had every thing your noble fortune could procure for her!'——

'Ay, and no grudging neither! I'd do ten times what I've done—what's money to me? Poor Poll, and she's gone! We never had a real quarrel in our lives!' he continued, in a somewhat subdued tone. 'I shall miss her when she is gone—I shall indeed! I could find many to fill her place, if I had a mind, I'll warrant me—but—I—poor Poll!'

'Yes,' I said presently, in answer to some general remark he had made, 'we medical men do certainly see the worst side of human life. Pain—illness—death—are bad enough of themselves—but when *poverty* steps in too——'

'Ay, I dare say—bad enough as you say—bad enough—ahem!'

'I have this very day seen a most mournful instance of accumulated human misery; poverty, approaching starvation, illness, distress of mind. Ah, Mr. Hillary, what a scene I witnessed yesterday!' I continued, with emotion, 'a man who is well-born, who has seen better——'

'Better days—aye, exactly. Double-refined misery, as they would say in the city. By the way, what a valuable charity that is—I'm a subscriber to it—for the relief of decayed tradesmen! One feels such a pleasure in it! I dare say now—I do believe—let me see—*Soul*, would not cover what I get rid of one way or another in this kind of way every year—by the way, doctor, I'll ring for tea—you'll take a cup?' I nodded, and in a few minutes a splendid tea-service made its appearance.

'Do you know, doctor, I've some notion of being remembered after I'm gone, and it has often struck me that if I were to leave what I have to build an hospital, or something of that sort in this part of the town, it wouldn't be amiss——'

'A noble ambition, sir, indeed. But as I was observing, the poor people I saw yesterday—such misery! such fortitude!'

'Ah, yes! Proper sort of people, just the right sort, to put into—ahem!—*Hillary's Hospital*. It don't sound badly, does it?'

'Excellently well. But the fact is—I observed that he was becoming rather fidgetty, but I was resolved not to be beaten from my point—'I'm going, in short, Mr. Hillary, to take a liberty which nothing could warrant but——'

'You're going to beg, doctor, ain't you?' he interrupted briskly; 'but the fact is, my maxim has long been never to give a farthing in charity that any one shall know of but two people, I and the people I give to. That's my notion of true charity; and besides, it saves one a vast deal of trouble. But if you really think—if it really is a deserving case—why—a-hem! I *might* perhaps—Dr. —— is so well known for his charitable turn—Now am I the first you've begun upon with your great patients?' he continued, with an air of supreme complacency. I bowed, and smiled, humouring his vanity. 'Well, in such a case—hem!—I—might, once in a way, break upon my rule,' and he transferred his left hand from his waistcoat to his breeches pocket, 'so there's a guinea for you. But don't—for, I don't want to be talked about; and we people that are known do get so many——'

'But, Mr. Hillary, surely I may tell my poor friends to whom your bounty is destined, the *name* of the generous——'

'Oh, ah! Do as you please for the matter of that. Who are they? What are they? Where do they live? I am a governor of ——' I trembled.

'They live at present in —— street; but I doubt poor things, whether they can stay much longer, for their landlady is becoming very clamorous——'

'Yes, too frequently such is the case!' But I was going to tell you of these poor people—They have not been married many years, and they married, very unfortunately,—Mr. Hillary, who had for some time been looking down on the sofa, here rose and walked rather more quickly than he had been walking before—'contrary to the wishes of their family, who have forsaken them, and [illegible]

[illegible]

which infallibly betokened, in my opinion, after examining his eyes, the presence of incipient *amaurosis* in both eyes. He spoke of deep seated pains in the orbits—perpetual sparks and flashes of light—peculiar haloes seen around the candle—dimness of sight—and several other symptoms, which I found, on enquiry, had been for some time in existence, but he had never thought of noticing them till they forced themselves upon his startled attention.

'Oh, my God!' he exclaimed, clasping his hands, and looking upwards, 'spare my sight! O, spare my sight—or what will become of me! Beggary seems to be my lot—but *blindness* to be added!' He paused, and looked the image of despair.

'Undoubtedly I should deceive you, Mr. Elliott,' said I, after making several further inquiries, 'if I were to say that there was no danger in your case. Unfortunately, there does exist ground for apprehending that, unless you abstain, and in a great measure, from so severely taxing your eyesight as you have of late, you will run the risk of permanently injuring it.'

'Oh, doctor! it is easy to talk,' he exclaimed, with involuntary bitterness, 'of my ceasing to use and try my sight; but how am I to do it? How am I to live?—Tell me that! Will money drop from the skies into my lap, or bread into the mouths of my wife and child? What is to become of us? Merciful God! and just at this time too! My wife pregnant'—I thanked God she was not present!—'our last penny almost slipped from our hands—and I, who should be the stay and support of my family, becoming BLIND. Oh, God—oh, God, what frightful crimes have I committed, to be punished thus? Would I had been transported or hanged,' he added suddenly, 'when the old ruffian threw me into Newgate!' But—he turned ghastly, he promised to obey my instruction. Mrs. Elliott sat beside me with a sad exhausted air, which touched me almost to tears. What a situation—what a prospect was here! How was she to prepare for her coming confinement? How procure the most ordinary comforts—the necessary attendance? Deprived as her husband and child would be for a time of her affectionate and vigilant attentions, what was to become of them? Who supply her place? Her countenance too plainly showed that all these topics constantly agitated her mind.

A day or two after this interview, I brought them the intelligence I had seen in the newspapers, of Mrs. Hillary's death, which I communicated to them very carefully, fearful of the effect it might produce upon Mrs. Elliott in her critical situation. She wept bitterly, but the event had been too long expected by her to occasion any violent exhibition of grief. As they lay awake that night in melancholy converse, it suddenly occurred to Mrs. Elliott that the event which had just happened might afford them a last chance of regaining her father's affections, and they determined to seize the opportunity of appealing to his feelings when they were softened by his recent bereavement. The next morning the wretched couple set out on their dreary pilgrimage to —— Square—it being agreed that Elliott should accompany her to within a door or two of her father's house, and there await the issue of her visit. With slow and trembling steps, having relinquished his arm, she approached the dreadful house, whose large windows were closed from the top to the bottom. The sight of them overcame her; and she paused for a moment, holding by the area railings.

What dark and bitter thoughts and recollections crowded in a few seconds through her mind! Here, in this great mansion, was her living—her tyrannical—her mortally offended father; here lay the remains of her poor gentle mother—whom she had fled from—whose last thoughts might perhaps have been about her persecuted daughter—and that daughter was now trembling like a guilty thing before the frowning portals of her widowed, and, it might be, inexorable father. She felt very faint, and beckoning hastily to her husband, he stepped forward to support her, and led her from the door. After slowly walking round the square, she returned, as before, to the gloomy mansion of her father, ascending the steps, and, with a shaking hand, pulled the bell.

'What do you want, young woman?' enquired a servant from the area.

'I wish to see Joseph—is he at home?'—she replied, in so faint a voice, that the only word audible in the area was that of Joseph—the porter—who had entered into her father's service in that capacity two or three years before her marriage. In a few minutes Joseph made his appearance at the hall door, which he softly opened.

'Joseph!—Joseph! I'm very ill,' she murmured, leaning against the door post—[illegible]

[illegible]

ther—she did, ma'am'—Mrs. Elliott began to sob bitterly—'and she wouldn't on any account whatsoever have him shocked at such a sad time as this—and that she knows it would be no use your coming—his voice quivered—'and she says, as how—he could hardly go on—'you should have thought of all this long ago—and that only a month ago she heard master say it was all your own fault if you come to ruin—and as you'd made your bed you must lie on it—her very words, ma'am,—but she sent you a couple of guineas, ma'am, on condition that you don't on no account trouble master again—and,—and,' he continued, his tears overflowing, 'I've been so bold as to make it *three*, ma'am—and I hope it's no offence, ma'am, me being but a servant,' trying to force something wrapped up in paper into the hand of Mrs. Elliott, who had listened motionless and in dead silence to all he had been saying.

'Joseph,' at length she exclaimed, in a very low but distinct and solemn tone, stretching out her hands—'if you do not wish to see me die—help me, help me to my knees!' And with his assistance, and that of the female servant, she sunk gently down upon her knees upon the floor, where he partly supported her. She slowly clasped her hands together upon her bosom, and looked upwards—her eye was tearless, and an awful expression settled upon her motionless features. Joseph involuntarily fell upon his knees beside her, shaking like an aspen leaf—his eyes fixed instinctively upon hers—and the sobs of several of the servants, who had stolen silently to the top of the kitchen stairs, to gaze at this strange scene, were the only sounds that were audible. After having remained in this position for several minutes, she rose from her knees slowly and in silence.

'When will my mother be buried?' she presently inquired.

'Next Sunday,' whispered Joseph, 'at two o'clock.'

'Where?'

'At St. ——'s ma'am.'

'Farewell, Joseph! You have been very kind,' said she, rising, and moving slowly to the door.

'Won't you let me get you a little of something warm, ma'am? You do look so bad, ma'am—so pale—and I'll fetch it from down stairs in half a minute.'

'No, Joseph—I am better!—and Mr. Elliott is waiting for me at the outside.'

'Poor gentleman,' sobbed Joseph, turning his head aside, that he might dash a tear from his eye. He strove again to force into her hand the paper containing the three guineas, but she refused.

'No, Joseph, we are very destitute, but yet—Providence will not let us starve. I cannot take it from you: here I will not!'

With this the door was opened; and with a firmer step than she had entered the house, she quitted it. Her husband, who was standing anxiously at one or two doors distant, rushed up to her, and with a tremulous and agitated tone and gestures inquired the result of her application, and placing his arm around her—for he felt how weak she was—he led her gently towards home. He listened with the calmness of despair to her narrative of what had taken place. 'Then there is no hope for us,' [illegible]

[illegible]

pointed for her entrance into the Lying-in Hospital, sustained her spirits. Her manner increased in tenderness towards her husband, who evinced a corresponding energy of sympathy and affection towards her. His anxieties had been to a considerable extent allayed by the seasonable addition to his funds already spoken of; but he expressed an occasional surprise at the absence of any preparations for the event which both of them believed to be so near at hand.

On the Friday morning, about half an hour after her husband had set out for the Opthalmic Infirmary as usual, a hackney-coach drew up at the door of his lodgings, with a female attendant, sent by my directions from the Lying-in Hospital. I also made my appearance within a few minutes of the arrival of the coach; and poor Mrs. Elliott, after having carefully arranged and disposed of the few articles of her own apparel which she intended to leave behind her, and given the most anxious and repeated instructions to the woman of the house to be attentive to Mr. Elliott in her absence—sat down and shed many tears, as she laid upon the table a letter, carefully sealed, and addressed to her husband, containing the information of her departure and destination. When her agitation had somewhat subsided, she left the room—perhaps, she felt, *for ever*—entered the coach, and was soon safely lodged in the Lying-in Hospital.

The letter to her husband was as follows—for the melancholy events which will presently be narrated, brought this with other documents into my possession.

MY SWEET LOVE:

The hour of my agony is approaching—and Providence has pointed out to me a place of refuge. I cannot, dearest Henry, I cannot think of adding to your sufferings by the sight of mine! When all is over—as I trust it will be soon, and happily—then we shall be re-united, and God grant to us happier days! Oh, do not be grieved or angry, Henry, at the step I am taking. I have done it for the best—it will be for the best, depend upon it. Dr. —— will tell you how skilfully and kindly they treat their patients at the Lying-in Hospital, to which I am going. Oh! Henry! you are the delight of my soul! The more grief and bitterness we have seen together, surely the more we love one another. *Oh how I love you!* How I prayed in the night, while you, dearest, were sleeping—that the Almighty would bless you and our little Henry, be merciful to me, for your sakes, and bring us all together again! I shall pray for you, my love—my own love—every hour that we are away! Bear up a little longer, Harry! God has not deserted us—he will not—he cannot, [illegible]

[illegible] *To be continued.*

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

MR. ATKINSON:—You will recollect our venerable and respected friend, Judge ——. [illegible]

[illegible]

Summary Justice of the Olden Time.

[illegible]

der any circumstances whatever to violate the law—if you *should* proceed to kill the deer, have you any reason to suppose any one would feel disposed to prosecute?' 'I have one neighbor,' replied the applicant, naming him, 'who, like myself, is poor, and who frequently kills deer himself contrary to the law, though nobody complains of him—this neighbor, I have reason to fear, would prosecute for the benefit of that part of the penalty to which he would be entitled by the statute.' 'But,' said the Gov. 'in case you *should* kill the deer,—though remember, I give you no permission to do it; would it not be advisable for you to make a present to that neighbor of a quarter of the venison to secure [illegible]

[illegible]

PETER BRUSH.

[illegible]

been the fate of other great men. But, be that as it may, Mr. Peter Brush was in the street, as melancholy as an unbraced drum, "a gibbed cat, or a lugged bear."

Seated upon the curb, with his feet across the gutter, he placed his elbow on a stepping-stone, and, like Juliet on the balcony, leaned his head upon his hand—a hand that would perhaps have been the better of a covering, though none would have been rash enough to volunteer to be a glove upon it. He was in a dilapidated condition—out at elbows, out at knees, out of pocket, out of office, out of spirits, and out in the street—an "out and outer" in every [illegible]

[illegible]

Saturday Evening Post.
OCTOBER 2, 1824.

DEMOCRATIC WHIG TICKET.

CONGRESS.

JOHN SERGEANT. } JOEL O. TOLAND.
ASSEMBLY.
Joseph H. Thompson.

SHERIFF.

Charles B. Trego. } Cornelius Tees.
William B. Thorp } Thomas Ellis.
Henry S. Spackman. } Benjamin Duncan.

SELECT COUNCIL.

William M. Meredith, } Cornelius Tees,
James Rawle. } Thomas Ellis.

COMMON COUNCIL.

William M. Meredith, } John B. Wisner,
Benj. M. Hopkinson, } Frederick Fraley,
Isaac Ott, } James Conrad,
Alex. McCoulough, } James Hutchinson,
John Thompson, } James Archer,
Wilson Reeves, } William S. Perot,
Alexander Ferguson, } Henry Seltzer,
Joseph R. Neilson, } Thomas Caldwell,
Dr. Caleb B. Matthews, } Richard Price,
William V. Ashmead. } Jacob Ridgway.

Publication of notice of the Convention,
JAMES C. BIDDLE, Pres. pro tem.

James W. Wallen, } Secretaries.
G. P. Gleason. }

COUNTY TICKET.

COUNTY TREASURER. } THIRD DISTRICT.
CORONER—CHARLES SAYLOR.
SENATE—JOHN L. WOOLF.
ASSEMBLY.

Daniel Clerk, } Northern Liberties.
Harry Mellsen, }
Daniel Offerd, } Spring Garden.
Truman M. Haddel, Moyamensing.
George Nuttall, Penn.
James Camp, Oxford.
Adam Woelper, Spring Garden.
William Boor, Germantown.

CITY AND COUNTY TICKET.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER. } HOWELL
CORONER. } JAMES GREGORY.
AUDITOR—WILLIAM MACFERREN.

DEMOCRATIC VAN BUREN TICKET.

CONGRESS—FIRST DISTRICT.
GUL. LEIB, } CONGRESS—SECOND DISTRICT.
JOHN M. REED. } LONGSTRETH.
THIRD DISTRICT—FRANCIS J. HARER.
ASSEMBLY.

William Thompson, } Francis Rogers,
William V. Pettit, } William Stewart,
William Sherlock. } John C. Cooper.

James H. Horn.

SELECT COUNCIL.

Joseph R. Evans, } Evans Rogers,
Dr. George L. Ashmead. } William Stewart.

COMMON COUNCIL.

Isaac Wainwright, } James Preston,
Hugh Craig, } Hugh Craig the third,
Aaron S. Letchworth, } Thomas S. Stewart,
Edward Shippen, } Ross S. Dunn,
Ebenezer Maskin, } John Rutherford, sen.
John Wilcocks, } John Rutherford, jun.
William Gemmy, } Samuel Porter,
Charles Shoemaker, } Benjamin Mickley,
George K. Childs, } James Torbert,
Jos. Reed. } Thomas Boyd.

Published by order of the Democratic Committee of
PETER HAY, Chairman.
Henry Simpson, } Secretaries.
Theodore Hays. }

CITY AND COUNTY.

County Commissioner—WM. BIZORTH. Cty.
Coroner—JOHN H. ATKINSON Gentle.
Auditor—JOSEPH I. THOMAS, S. Liberties.

CITY TICKET.

SENATE—ALEXANDER M. FELTZ, N. L.

ASSEMBLY.

Samuel Seymour, } Southwark.
William English, }
David Ellis, } Moyamensing.
Michael Snyder, Roxborough.
Benjamin Lawrence, Kensington.
Samuel F. Ross, Moyamensing.
William Bonner, Penn.
Peter Rando, Kensington.

HIGH PRICES.

In speaking of the high prices of provisions at present the Cincinnati Daily Gazette & Commercial Advertiser mentions a startling fact. The great value of bread is quite among the many grievances arising from the present scarcity. It appears that in the city of New York alone, one hundred thousand barrels of flour are consumed monthly in the manufacture of whiskey. This number of barrels will amount to 20,000 hogsheads of flour or meal, and twenty thousand barrels per annum. This is about one fifth of forty thousand barrels per annum. This source in the city of New York alone, and consequently a small comparative proportion of the whole. Some outrement as bread stuffs converted annually throughout the country into poison, the ultimate use of which destroys the body and defaces the intellect of its consumers, whilst the honest, sober, and industrious, are obliged to pay a great and increased price for their food, in consequence premium on drinking.

The rich man and the poor are exhoritantly as he pleases for luxuries peculiar to the rich, but if to be a good citizen, he will not pay exorbitant for the luxuries of the poor. He will not pay exorbitant tion, for the luxuries of the poor. He may pay, for pleasure, five dollars a bottle for wine, and his humble neighbor is not affected by this exorbitance—but when he has to pay eight cents per quart for milk, he both by example and encouragement imposes upon him the necessity of using not only a luxury, but as a cheap sustenance—a necessity—especially if he have a family of children.

It is right that we should think of this. We heard a father complain the other day that he could were so small that for little ones could hardly see one, and to diminish the size of it, as the hour would vex their stomachs most terribly.

We have also heard many of our citizens have been served with a notice by the milkmen, of an intended rise in the price of their lactical compound. We should not mind the rise of milk—but the idea of paying 8 cents a quart for water, is horrible. We do say that the price should rise, unless it is to keep company with every thing else but newspapers.

SHOCKING RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT.

The following account of the most painful accident on the Columbia Rail Road was left at our office by a friend, who, it is said was a witness of the painful scene which he describes.

FAIRVIEW, Sunday, about 3 o'clock.

This afternoon, a lady 3 miles from Lancaster was approaching Fairview, the axle of the hind wheel of the car next to the baggage broke, which immediately precipitated the body of the car from the track. The driver, who was on the top, sung up the bottom of the car in which was a Mr. Gibson of Philadelphia, bound for Cincinnati with his wife and children. His wife and child fell through and nearly the whole train passed over her body. Indeed, considering the heart rending scene that ensued when Mr. Gibson was called to the spot where his wife lay a mangled corpse, with the child, about 18 months old, by her side, covered with the blood of its dead mother. The top of her head was cut off, and the brains lay on both sides of the rail: the body, feet, arms and legs broken to atoms. Heavens! what a sight! the distracted man upon discovering first what had met the remains of his 'Josie,' calling upon her in frantic exclamations; but she could not answer to his agonizing look of agony. He next picked up his babe, and bestowing a few kisses upon its lifeless body, called for immediate assistance, when it was impossible to afford him the least consolation. The child was instantaneously pronounced dead. He was next called to witness another scene which beggars description.

A black man, who had vainly attempted to leap from the car when it broke down and the body fell upon the ground, and the car running off the track upon the side he jumped, the wheels passed over both his legs and cut them off in the most shocking manner, grinding the dirt and clothing into the mangled flesh. He lay writhing in the most excruciating agony, under the wheels of the car, which kept moving until assistance could be rendered to raise the car of him. He will not, it is believed, survive.

A gentleman in the forward car had his left arm broken, and breast much injured, but it is believed he will recover.

The train was propelled at the rate of 15 to 18 miles per hour: it the time of the accident, and ran not more than the length of the train, or 50 yards after it stopped.

I was with my family in the next car to the one which Mr. Gibson was in, and the first thing I knew of the accident, I passed, tore up the bottom without injury to any of its passengers. It was a miracle that we escaped, as the car which was spokeless, nothing but the naked rim left to give assurance it ever was a railroad wheel. Even the rails, for a considerable distance, were torn from their fastenings, almost to atoms.

This seems to be one of those accidents against which it is difficult to guard, even by the new arrangement of the wheels and axles of the cars, or perhaps by a thicker bottom to the cars.

It is mentioned to us that the engine and one car was immediately despatched to Lancaster city for medical or surgical aid for the sufferers, and that before it returned, the cars were set in motion.

In the hope of conveying the wounded towards medical aid, they had gone to a short turn, when the locomotive came sweeping round, and was not checked till it came in contact with the cars and did considerable injury.—C. S. Gaz.

The Paolo of Egyptian seven three-deckers from 90 to 140 years old.

An Awkward Dilemma.—Mr. Benjamin Carr, of Boston, a man about fifty, came to this city the other morning in the steamboat, and while at breakfast, was informed by a waiter, in a fine female letter, about eight months old, which was in the arms of a genteel looking woman, a stranger, waited silently, downstairs. The interest which Mr. Carr took in the child led to a sorted acquaintance between him and its mother, and having learned from her that she was extremely poor, he generously took her child to board during at New York, after which they left the hotel together, with both going by the name of Carr, the same part of the city, they walked together for some time, and the lady stopped at a house and requested Mr. Carr to take her baby for a moment while she went into it to get a glass of water. Mr. Carr very willingly took his little favorite in his arm, and having waited a considerable time without its mother returning, he went into the store to return the child to her, and to his no little astonishment was informed that the lady had not remained one minute in the store, which was at the corner of a street, but merely came in at the door and went out the other, and no one there knew any thing more about her. Mr. Carr was, of course, in a queer dilemma, and having imparted his situation to the people in the store, they advised him to take the child to the Alms house, from which he was then about a mile.

The day being rather sultry, and Mr. Carr being rather fleshy, and not being able to procure a carriage, he was obliged to walk the whole way, darting at the Alms house, he had suffered so much from the heat, perspiration, and the cries of the unhappy, that, as was in say thing but good humor, and, in other words, he was in a perfect desired the keeper at the Alms house to take the child from him. But on learning how he obtained it, the compassionate keeper told him he had to have any thing to do with it. Mr. Carr, however, insisted that he should take it, and laid down the child in the room, but was very quickly compelled to take it up again, for the fear of being instantly committed to Bridewell. Nor was this all, for he was told that before he would leave the house the county that he would not abandon the child, or let it become a burthen on the city, and that he must positively do so. On his ask me promise that he would take the child with him to Albany, for there was no other way to dispose of it. Mr. Carr, however, was forced to comply with the request, and he left the house with the child in his arms, and proceeded to the steamboat, where he met with his friend Mr. Lambard, to whom he communicated the whole affair, and requested him to take the child to the Alms house, from which he was then about a mile.

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These seem heavy charges to bring against the use of anthracite, and the remedy is easy. A vessel or water placed on a stove, or attached in some manner to the fire, so as to communicate its atmosphere of the room the same degree of moisture which naturally belongs to it, and this is a fine day, will obviate these ill effects entirely.

Jury duty by Proxy.—Some considerable diversion was occasioned in the district court, yesterday, in consequence of a non-appearance of a jury, by the receipt of a note by Judge Edwards, from Mr. Sheriff Hall, stating that he had been summoned as a juror, offering a substitute for himself in the case, if he or the court pleased. To his Honor the Judge of the Circuit Court—I have been summoned as a juror in this court, and owing to my pecuniary affairs it is impossible for me to attend this day. If your Honor will send me word, I will pay the fine of $25 to be imposed upon the principal for his non attendance. I remain, your Honor's obedient servant to command. Answer—I excuse you, this time, on the payment of the fine.—N. Y. Trim.

The Destructives (on a small scale).—There is a great and increasing disposition in every country to deface and destroy every thing, which is manifestly useful to mankind. Every thing, which can be cut with a knife, or breaking every thing which can be broken, whether it be a tree, a shrub, or a monument. Go where one may, into the country, into the gardens of the citizens, or to the public buildings, in breaking or marring which the impropriety of conduct has not been noticed. Travel the turnpike roads, and a melancholy scene will be found left entire by the destructive spirit, not to be pointed out, or the top broken off. Let there be a piece of statuary accessible to the multitude, and the fate of the bust, or, so arm, or a head, will go to pay the forfeit. We have not a doubt that many of our citizens have been served with a notice by the milkmen, of an intended rise in the price of their lactical compound. We should not mind the rise of milk—but the idea of paying 8 cents a quart for water, is horrible. We do say that the price should rise, unless it is to keep company with every thing else but newspapers.

Police Office, Sept. 16.

A Veteran of the Revolution.—At the discharge of the watch yesterday morning, an old man was delivered to the keeper of the watch-house in the uniform of a revolutionary soldier, with a cocked hat, and a long military cloak, and mounted with an enormously high feather. His appearance at the watch-house was singular in the extreme—an old fool, madman, or monomichook, but such a supposition was quickly dispelled by the old man's declaring a short but clear and intelligent account of his career in the revolutionary war. He stated that he had been a sailor—had been a Captain in Colonel Green's regiment, and was present at the capture of Lord Cornwallis—enjoyed a pension of $120 per annum, for his revolutionary services—had been shipwrecked in the old year of his age, and had come from Rhode Island to spend the new year with his son, who had washed away its basis, and left its upper portion dangling in mid-air. By the time he had finished his tale, the whole population of the coast below the barracks, and perhaps that of the whole city, had assembled to gape at the image that met the object vessel at the top of its mast, and a dreadful sight it was to behold. The phenomenon lasted some no later, with a constantly varying elevation.

The following is a probables the origin of the Flying Dutchman, and under a variety of forms was the subject of conversation for a month or two in the last fifty years, since which time it has become altogether better than was expected. Her visits are reduced to definite days, and can be produced at pleasure on a short notice, by the effect of favorable refraction through a stratum of air of irregular density. The whole is accounted for and explained by a letter understand it by referring to Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, as it is given in a condensed form by Dr. Dudley Gale.

Domestic Medicine.—The cinders on a dinner table are said, by a late London work, to be a kind of medicine. Half a teaspoonful of salt—This is a decided cathartic in the dose of from half an ounce to an ounce. It is a powerful emetic. Equal parts of salt and Holland were formerly sustenced to live without food for a considerable time. Epsom salts, 1 oz. 2. *Ginger.*—This is a refrigerant and diaphoretic, and applied externally to the wrists in fainting fits. If an overdose of soda has been taken, or of any other alkali, it is a powerful antidote. A mustard emetic is said to be infallible in the *Cholera*, a mustard poultice in allaying pain in the bloody plaster. 4. *Olive Oil.*—This, say the dispensaries, is "demulcent, relaxant and laxative." It is an antidote against serial poisons, and seems to be obnoxious to worms, killing them, it is supposed, by stopping some of their breathing holes. Besides it relieves the pain occasioned by the spiculæ of the pungent acrid substance to be taken. 5. *Pepper.*—This cures diarrhœa and the relaxed sore throat. *Pyretic*, the alkaloid extracted from the pepper, has cured the ague in the hands of Dr. Meli and others.

The Jacksonville Courier Extra is filled with the details of an inroad made by the Seminole Indians on and the Indian land escape. These barbarities have been perpetrated chiefly upon the whites. The Indians have murdered in different counties, to the amount of two or three thousand dollars.

The Lehigh Coal Company have enlarged their trains of cars, and will soon be able to transport 1000 tons per day, on their railway.

The New York merchants intend to erect a monument in Hanover square to commemorate the great fire.

The New Yorkers are glorifying themselves with a new alarm bell, which was on Saturday placed in the steeple of the City Hall. It weighs three tons. It is a rouser, and is to be rung by swinging.

The President of the United States reached Washington city, on his return from Tennessee, on Saturday last, and is said to be in excellent health.

"*Is a bad boy*"—A man pretty *comfortably* drunk, was holding on to a post at Burling slip, when a friend inquired what was the matter.—"Matter?" said the fellow; "I am in a quandary. I don't know whether I am standing on my head or my feet." "Why, if I hold on here, I shall be drunk," said he, and if I let go, I shall fall and the dock!"—*N. Y. Daily Advertiser.*

Beau Brummel is dead! Dandice, coxcombe, fop, and fool, your king is dead, and never will you look upon his like again.

Dress of a French Dandy.—Sixteen blue coat, crimson neckerchief, a voparone waistcoat, blue pantaloons, and primrose colored gloves.

The population of Ireland is 12 to the square mile, with the engine on a new principle, contrived by Oliver Allen, of New Jersey, will be brought into great place to run between Norwich and New Haven.

Twins.—A brother editor says he has been presented with a child, which he says is his brother.—*Boston Post.*

The inhabitants of Clay county, Missouri, have proposed to the Mormons to move from their country—remarking, if they don't go, why they will.

The Charleston Board of Health report eight deaths by cholera infantum, on the 25th ult. On the 26th ult. 34 cases were reported.

The cholera appears to be on the increase in Charleston. The Board of Health reported 44 cases during the 24 hours ending at noon on the 27th ult. viz. 11 white and 33 black persons, of which 9 had died.

The Cincinnati feather dealers have been detected, some of them, mixing Indian meal and plaster of Paris with their feathers to make them weigh. Corn is to be scarce as they say with it, would be a good speculation to buy a few Cincinnati feather dealers, and set them to work.

The Wandering Piper.—This celebrated personage is at present in Dunbar, on the east coast of Sutherland, and the Inverness Herald says:—

The Piper is also at present in Dunbar, but the law declares that whoever is guilty of editing wicked and blasphemous libels, and thereby misleading the people shall suffer death by being beheaded.

The English call Rothschild a Colossus of bank notes; a Yankee would call him a mammoth bank of bullion.

The great race between the horses Kentucky and Tennessee, recently took place near Louisville. About 200,000 dollars were bet. Kentucky won.

The snow that fell at Canton, Feb. 5th, two inches deep, the first in 40 years, was called by the natives goose-tail and cotton.

Milk, at *ten* cents per quart, says a correspondent of the Boston Courier, is a handsomer profit than cheese would at *thirty-cents* per pound.

Rather Cool.—A man in Ohio, who has been awaiting his trial in the tower of that town, for the murder of his wife, has applied for a writ of habeas corpus, to bring him down from the tower to the bench. The wretch tied her hands behind her, and then threw her out of the window, where she was found by the neighbors, &c. are so dissatisfied with the verdict of suicide, that they are glad to escape; away, some even howling with affright.

Rowling Cruelty.—A French paper relates that a man named George Roberts, an Englishman, has been condemned to death at Grand Sultan for having cut off the ears of a mule sold, having on his face a sort of moveable mask of black cloth, and by this means parted the head in the form of a fool's cap. The little monster had neither tongue nor palate; his mouth was but a shapeless hole, and his nose but a bit of gristle. His hands and six toes on each foot. He died nearly immediately after his birth.

Revolting Cruelty.—A French paper relates that a man named George Roberts, an Englishman, has been condemned to death at Grand Sultan for having cut off the ears of a mule sold, having on his face a sort of moveable mask of black cloth, and by this means parted the head in the form of a fool's cap. The little monster had neither tongue nor palate; his mouth was but a shapeless hole, and his nose but a bit of gristle. His hands and six toes on each foot. He died nearly immediately after his birth.

A Physiological Fact.—A singular circumstance has been noticed in Germany, which is almost the only part of their emaciated companion in the Hudson river and Long Island sound, using them a meal was their hearts. While all the rest of the body was attenuated so that scarcely a fibre of flesh remained, the muscles of the heart remained as plump and full as they were when in the prime of life and health by those who lived on the body.—*Welsh's Reminiscences.*

Churches in New York.—The New York Sunday Morning News, contains a list of Churches in that city, and Georgia, in 1795, and the different denominations have 4 churches as follows by extension of the Union:

Episcopalians,	28	Universalists,
Methodists,	23	Unitarians,
Presbyterians,	20	Quakers,
Reformed Dutch,	12	Jews,
Roman Catholics,	4	Moravians,
Friends,	4	Miscellaneous,

We learn from Genoa that Dr. Goreanni Palmieri has discovered a method of preserving fruit, which, though of the utmost simplicity, will, by a single trial, convince the most incredulous of the multiplied power of theory of the Archimedes said at the same time, that with a lever sufficiently of a steam engine. It is only about five feet long, and three yards broad, and will carry a load of 300 tons, and has a power.

Cheese wager.—In a last year's number of Blackwood's Magazine it is stated, that, for a wager, an inhabitant of Bridge from morning till night, with a box full of real golden sovereigns exposed for sale, at a shilling each piece, and that he actually did sell against it. The Duke of Bedford Mr. Hinton a thousand

The commercial intelligence of the Boston stock owned in the Bank. Whilst the rate of the Bank of Commerce to

This is the first time we have seen the Bank by which we are all of us, we presume, the rate of 7,80,000 dollars.

Last end of the West.—Jonathan Green Bay has often been quoted as the Green Bay is now a place of importance, leaving their friends at the Lake, and the Green Bay will soon be a place of grave. Green Bay! or Bottom! Its difficulties are now over, and there but Indians and bears. Its capacities say,

Green Bay, Green Bay, Green Bay!
Green Bay is the best place to stay!

Another nucleus has been discovered on the Kentucky river, called Frankfort.

Could it not convince, somehow, to get some of the Indians to settle in the neighborhood of Green Bay? We are not so exclusively partial to the authenticity, that we would rather leave it at 10 the town.

A Rich Cure.—Among the many instances of misery travelling to England, is no doubt that he is the only one who has found relief. A poor man lately sending a person to engage two places made for him by found that the person had taken the whole place, and as the passengers would not accommodate him, he was left behind, because he had not got on a boat to go to Liverpool at the time! This unfortunate man's case is much to be pitied, and we hope that the benevolent will be moved to commiserate the unfortunate patient of a hundred instruments.

An eastern paper announces under the head of "high handed theft," that a Mr. King had been, while attending to Mr. Adams's Eulogy on the late Mr. Madison at the Oldest, Boston, removed from his seat, his Gentleman's coat and dollars. The loss is certainly a great one, and the gentleman much to be pitied, but why, in the name of common sense, will persons be in the habit of leaving their property in such an exposed manner as is customary on such occasions? No wonder that about them at such gatherings. No wonder that about them at such gatherings. No wonder that about them at such gatherings.

EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA.
Saturday, October 8, 1836.

There being no Agent at Ellicott's Mills, Md. at the present time, Mrs. Anne Penniman will act as Agent, Baltimore, will receive the subscriptions due at Ellicott's Mills.

Pennsylvania Subscriptions.

N. B. Mr. Wm. A. Pirrie, our Travelling Agent, will satisfy persons on a collecting tour throughout Pennsylvania. It is hoped that all our patrons, will give a cordial welcome, settle their subscriptions, and give him such facilities in the prosecution of his business, as may be in their power.

New Agency.—Enoch Clements, Esq. P. M. at Haddonfield, New Jersey, is appointed Agent for Athinson's periodicals in Haddonfield and vicinity, with whom our patrons are respectfully requested to settle their subscription bills, &c.

The statement of the execution for murder, of the three Mesagrie men at Moscow, has been contradicted. We are glad of it for the sake of the criminal justice of that town. To hang men for accidentally destroying the life of one who was attempting to destroy their property, might have been law—but the moral sense of the world would have visited with its execration the makers of such law.

The passengers by the Good Intent Line from this city to Pittsburg, have published a card, complaining of the bad conduct of the Superintendent of the Inclined Plane, No. 6, west of the Allegheny mountains, in neglecting to apply the fuel requisite to the cars, which were in consequence pushed at the head of the plane, and dashed to pieces at the foot of it—of cars at the foot of the plane, whereby four passengers were so much injured that they are not expected to survive, and eight or ten others severely bruised and crippled. The proprietors of the line are exonerated from all blame, and the accident ascribed entirely to the criminal negligence of the Superintendant, who derives his appointment from the State.

ROBBERS DOOMED AT LAST.

Spregel, Boon and Williams—the three ruffians who are charged with the murder and robbery committed on Aaron Waddington, jr. a drover from Chautauque county, N. J. in October last, were brought to trial before Chief Judge Jones, to four years solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, as a penalty for their crime. They were refused a third trial which they had applied for.

The hardened bloody thirsty villain, Ned Spregel, the contriver of the robbery, ought to have received at least the full extent of the law.

Two political partizans adjourned to a lot in Walnut street, near Broad, on Monday last, to settle their differences of opinion by a knock d-wn argument—of argument we say, for such it is. The sturdy combatants are said each to have lost a tip on the occasion—a very appropriate punishment, as words had undoubtedly led to blows. The parties then retired from the field, presenting, it is said, a most disgusting appearance.

We have received the 1st No. vol. 1. of a very neatly printed weekly sheet entitled the "Mariner," devoted to literature and the fine arts, and published at Baltimore by David Dreamer, at $1 per annum, cash.

Nobody in reading "Candide," "Emile," or the "Eloges," cares to know that Voltaire was an infidel—but we have been taught to look upon almost heartless of human beings. We may justly suspect, therefore, that the offensive personalities which have been published against Mr. Willis, have been the result of that "envy" which has been supposed by his friends to influence all who may have called in question his literary productions.

What Tenders those personalities the more unjustifiable is the fact that they have been *gratuitous*—lugged in on occasions where Mr. Willis, the author, and not Mr. Willis, the individual, has been under no necessity to comment. The truth is that a wretched system prevails among our second class of writers, of—to use a not very elegant phrase—*scratching the back of other's backs*—saying one fool's sandals—the "puff by implication," being reciprocated by the "puff direct"—cousins and brothers, in editorial authorship, handing compliments—beginning cautiously at first, with modest epithets of praise, which, as they seem to be liked, rise to higher and higher, until at last the public is absolutely *lashed* into the idea that one who, had he been left to vindicate his own merits, would have been the proper one, could perhaps be continued to occupy a very humble but appropriate level, is in fact a very extraordinary man!—a writer of wonderful powers that no one can dispute—a man of genius, in short, to be named that the author shall be regarded as a great genius by all the world, upon the faith of such recommendation! And this is the way that sometimes talked out of its senses, and *into* the belief that genius exists, though it cant discover it—and that of LILLY for example, who, where "more is meant than meets the ear."—

The consequence of this is that a perpetual fear lest the admiration *props* which are piled up in one quarter, should take it into their head to eating the more fortunate, though false, divinity on such higher upon its fragile pedestal, than to its highest and highest—and hence, why should the public is absolutely *lashed* into the idea that one who, had he been left to vindicate his own merits, would be the proper one, should perhaps be continued to occupy a very humble but appropriate level, is in fact a very extraordinary man!—a writer of wonderful powers that no one can dispute—a man of genius, in short, to be named that the author shall be regarded as a great genius by all the world, upon the faith of such recommendation! And this is the way that sometimes talked out of its senses, and *into* the belief that genius exists, though it cant discover it—and that of LILLY for example, who, where "more is meant than meets the ear."—

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New Feathers.—It is stated that the practice of wearing veils by gentlemen at the races, and has lately become introduced. The practice is said to be exceedingly convenient to many, who for various reasons, are ashamed to show their faces.

with the *mere* politician—we hold to be the indelicate, undignified, and disrespectful tone which is invariably observed toward the Presidential incumbent, as the period approaches either for his re-election, or the election of his successor. Surely the honor of the republic is involved in a due and proper respect for the *station* held by its Chief Magistrate. Name his successor, if he is to go out of office—or oppose his re-election on the manly political grounds—but *spare his person*. Friendly as we are to the freedom of the press, rationally understood—we would yet plead under a rigid censorship in this respect. In point of station, what a mockery, what a bye-word almost for contempt, become the claims of the chief of the state! and how perfectly a subject as it is to the rude and ceaseless assaults of those who in their enmity to the individual who fills it—whether that enmity be *just* or not—would regard the deference due to the high office itself. What must be the impressions of a foreign minister, for instance—upon a diplomatic conference, or Presidential levee—when but an hour before, perhaps, he has been familiarized with slander, scandal, or unmeasured political invective, bearing upon the public or private character, or both, of the august functionary, before whom he appears, and by whom he is recognized in the high character of the representative of the King of England, or Emperor of Russia. If we ourselves set the example of disrespect for our President, it is to be supposed that foreigners, jealous of their standing, will be found less wanting in that consideration for the elevated station that he occupies, which we scrupulously claim for ourself? How would an American in London, or Paris, feel, on taking up a New York or Richmond paper, and there having exposed to his view the private and public character, public and private of the individual in whose hands the laws have placed the power of protecting him abroad. Where would be their pride, or that feeling for their station, which we generally attribute to the cars, which were in consequence pushed at the head of the plane, and dashed to pieces at the foot of it—of cars at the foot of the plane, whereby four passengers were so much injured that they are not expected to survive, and eight or ten others severely bruised and crippled. The proprietors of the line are exonerated from all blame, and the accident ascribed entirely to the criminal negligence of the Superintendant, who derives his appointment from the State.

ROBBERS DOOMED AT LAST.

Spregel, Boon and Williams—the three ruffians who are charged with the murder and robbery committed on Aaron Waddington, jr. a drover from Chautauque county, N. J. in October last, were brought to trial before Chief Judge Jones, to four years solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, as a penalty for their crime. They were refused a third trial which they had applied for.

The hardened bloody thirsty villain, Ned Spregel, the contriver of the robbery, ought to have received at least the full extent of the law.

Two political partizans adjourned to a lot in Walnut street, near Broad, on Monday last, to settle their differences of opinion by a knock d-wn argument—of argument we say, for such it is. The sturdy combatants are said each to have lost a *tip* on the occasion—a very appropriate punishment, as words had undoubtedly led to blows. The parties then retired from the field, presenting, it is said, a most disgusting appearance.

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The October No. of the Law Library, has been issued. It is handsomely printed, and contains "The Law of Municipal Corporations, together with a Brief Sketch of their History, and a Treatise on *Mandamus and Quo Warranto*. By J. W. Willcock, Esq."

We again commend the Law Library to the support of the profession. It is a valuable work, and a necessary part of every well selected Library. It is published by Mr. John S. Littell, No. 11 George st. Philada.

BANK U. S. AND THE GOVERNMENT.

A committee, consisting of Governor Wolf, Lawrence, of Philadelphia, Mr. Ingham, Mr. Dallas and Henry D. Gilpin, of Philadelphia, has been appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, to confer with the United States Bank relative to the currency of the day, which the government holds in the bank, whose charter expired on the 30th inst. These gentlemen are in consultation at present in this city, with a committee from the Bank. These deputies, it is supposed, will call on the directors in dispute between the government of the Bank and the Treasury of the United States.

The committees are progressing in their negociations in relation to the seven millions of stock owned by the United States in the late U. S. Bank. We understand the Bank is ready to account with the government for its stock, at the rate of 112 1-2 for each share, and upward, of 7,860,000 dollars to be added to the Surplus Revenue for distribution.

This is something different from the estimate made by sundry papers and industrial meetings, who, who sometime since affected to consider the institution insolvent.

Mr. Hamblin, in his recent card, speaks of the advantages of an Amphitheatre as combining exhibitions of the legitimate drama with equestrian performances, &c. &c. This, he says, is the case at Astley's in London. The *sensation*, then, must have been sought after for we used to frequent Astleys, and do not remember that the regular drama was ever attempted upon its boards. Its purposes were those of the theatre and amphitheatre have since been distinct, except perhaps in this country, where in such matters we have yet to acquire a just taste. At Rome the amphitheatre was appropriated exclusively to gladiatorial exhibitions, never to those of the Roman drama. It is time that we should learn to distinguish in the same way, and not be content to see a horse-race succeeded by introduced upon boards whose "gorgeous tragedy" had perhaps just before but ten minutes before. That the popular taste may sanction this, is most probable—but good taste must surely condemn it.

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close to their business as to be unable to attend at the same time, that for a young man, and one, we believe, without fortune—the key which generally unlocks the door to society every where, and particularly in England—it required the possession of no ordinary degree of personal, and, we will add, of intellectual merit on the part of Mr. Willis, to have sustained himself so as to be a society in which gentlemanly, rank and wealth have combined to give a refined and elevated atmosphere in which all are not able to breathe. That a man's worth is proved by which "puppism" is tolerated; and we are much tempted to think that not a few of those who have so liberally conferred their acquaintance upon Mr. Willis would be ready to exchange a portion of their dullness and vulgarity for one of the inspirations of his "*poppyism*."

As to the charge of his having heralded himself of the position he occupied in England, to hold up to the public gaze some of the sanctities of private life, we have heard of the alleged fact, and question whether there is any real foundation for the charge. That he did speak publicly of those with whom he mingled, we all know—but when he did so, was they "authors of both sexes, with whose names every body was familiar; and of whom, if we remember, Mr. Willis said nothing which he had not reason to think would have been willing to have had said, and the public interested in listening to.

The Hon. LEWIS CASS, Secretary of War.

FLORIDA WAR.

Extract from a letter to a gentleman in this city, from an officer of the Florida volunteers, dated:

"TAMPA BAY, Fla. Sept. 18, 1836.

"On to-morrow morning we take up the line of march for the Wythlacoochee. Gen. Eustis commands the army, under the command of General Robert Armstrong of Nashville. There will be about 1000 Floridians and 800 regulars, with 500 or 300 Indians in co-operation with us. We have great confidence in the success of the campaign."

A Shark of the Law.—If there is an; being worthy of detestation of the human race, it is a unfeelingly, cheating, overreaching lawyer. Such others there are many in this region. His profession gives him an opportunity to display his rascality beyond the scope afforded to other men. And the poor and unsuspecting will be sure to fall a prey to his designs. We have lately heard of an example of the kind. A poor widow resident of a town in this vicinity, not forty miles from Boston, had one hundred dollars and will be worth 3

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

ANCIENT PSALMODY.—Before the days of Isaac Watts, the Standard of Sacred Songs was rather low; imitations

Tis like the precious ointment,
Down Aaron's beard did go,
Down Aaron's beard it downward went
His garment skirts unto.

Another instance, we give perhaps a little more poetic, if not quite as exalted.

Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
Your Maker's praises sing;
Up from the sands, ye mollusc peep,
And sing your tatle aloud!

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend, that's lose their books,
Are scarce by nogiers—folks that fish
With literary hooks;

Who call and visit with some favorite tome,
Be never read it through!
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my "Bacon."
And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,
Like Hesiod's, awkward go;
And away tide was clung fast,
Of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Waller" served to knock me down,
Which makes me think it shall;
And none, while I was out of town,
My "Johnson" proved a "Walker."
What soothing sir'ens do we use
My "Hobbes" amidst the smoke;
They lose my "Coleman" soon away,
And scarce'd off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more
Than Branch's poesic worth;
And now my losses I deplore
Without a "Pope" on earth.
If once a book you let them lift,
Another they conceal;
For though I count them stanling "Swift,"
As swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope," a not now unto my shelf,
Whom late he stood aloof,
But what is strange, my "Hope" himself
Is excommunicated.
My little "Sparkling" in the grave
Is sunk, to swell the ravage,
And what 'twas Cruose's late to save
'Twas mine to have—"Savage."
Keen "Glover's" works I cannot put
My fosters beside upon:
Though ever since I lost my "Foote,"
My "Bacon" has been gone.
My "Horne" with "Cotton" went; oppressed
My "Taylor" too some fell;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
In vain I offered "Bayle."
I "Prior" sought, but could not see
That "Rose" so late in flour;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee,"
Oh! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"
I tried to look, old Care to tickle,
Yet could not "Tickle" comfit;
And then, alack! I mourn'd my "Markle"—
And never "Markle" a mark.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
My sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid,"
Nor even use my "Hughes,"
My classics would not quiet be,
A change I fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry
"My 'Lory' has eloped!"

My lie is wasting 'ism away—
I suffer from those shelves,
And though I fixed a lock on "Grey,"
"There's grey upon my locks.
His fat hour "Young"—I'm growing pale—
"Ires my" Burke" fly;
And when they ask about my ail,
"'Tis Bacon," I reply.

They still have made me night returns,
And thus my griefs divide:
For, oh! they've cured me of my "Burns,"
And eased my "Akenside."
But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my sugar burn;
For as they never found me "Gay,"
They have not left me "Sterne."

FASHION.—The fashion that the ladies of some of our cities have of walking upon their toes, is said to have grown out of the custom of combing the hair up behind and turning it over to the forehead. A lady who was considered a model of fashion, on a certain occasion stumbed her hair so fiercely forward, that her heels could not touch the ground, and in the way made her appearance in public. The next Sabbath morning all the female tribe might be seen mincing to church on the tips of their toes.

"Hallos there my lad," said a traveller to a lonjog genius playing by the road side, "can you tell me the way to Mr. B.'s?"

"Yes," replied Cain, "was the answer. "You ofit go along that road till it forkth, that will lead you past a pair of barth. You must turn back and go through the barth and round the barn, and then you were daddy isn't."

"But who is your daddy my boy?"

"Ha, ha! Lawks-a-mussy me! Don't know daddy, and you the big!! Why, I know him dellt th wall ——— whats ——— no."

THE WELL BE DONE.—I knew a case in which a summer praying over a child apparently dying, said "If it be thy will, spare." The poor mother's soul yearning for her beloved, exclaimed, "It must be his will, I cannot bear it." The moment was one for agony. For many, the child recovered; and the mother after almost suffering martyrdom to him, while it was sleeping, lived to see him happy before he was two and twenty years of age. Oh, it is good to say, "not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done."

ECCENTRIC HOSPITALITY.—During the late American war, a soldier, who had been wounded and lost much blood, reached a cottage in the time of peace, being destitute and benighted, knocked at the door of an Irish farmer, who, with the following dialogue ensued:

Farmer. And who are you now?

Soldier. My name is John Wilson!

Patrick. And where are you going from, John Wilson?

Soldier. From the American army at Erie, Sir.

Patrick.—And what do you want here?

Soldier.—I want a night's lodging, will you permit me to sleep in your barn?

Patrick.—I take me if I do, John Wilson—that's flat.

Soldier. In the kitchen floor, Sir?

Patrick. Not I, by the Hill o How'th—that's flat.

Soldier. In your stable then?

Patrick. I will not do that either that's flat. Soldier. I am dying with hunger; give me but a bone and a crust; I ask no more.

Patrick. I will not—that's flat.

Soldier. Give me some water to quench my thirst, I beg of you.

Patrick. Beg and be hanged, I'll do no such thing—that's flat.

Soldier. I have been fighting to secure the blessings you enjoy; I have assisted in contributing to the glory and welfare of the country which has hospitably received you; and can you so unmercifully reject me from your house?

Patrick. Reject you! who has talked a word about rejecting you? may be I am not the first nayleaven you take me to be, John Wilson. You asked me to let you lie on my floor, the kitchen floor, or in the stable, or in the barn, or the think I'd let a perfect stranger do that, when I have a spare and feather beds, all empty? No, by the Hill o' Howth, John—that's flat. In the second place you told me you were dying with hunger, and wanted a bone and a crust to eat; now, honey, I don't think I feed a hungry man on bones and crust, when my pot is full of fat pelicans and turkeys, and pigs. No, by the powers, not I—that's flat. In the third place, you asked me for some simple water to quench your thirst; now as my water is none of the best, I never give it to a poor traveller without mixing it with plenty of wine, brandy, whiskey, or something else wholesome and cooling. Come in to my house, my lonny; you shall sleep well, have the best supper and breakfast that my farm can supply, which, thank the Lord, is none of the worst, you shall drink as much water as you choose, provided you mix it with plenty of wine or spirits, and provided also you prefer it. Come in, my hearty, come in, and feel yourself at home. It shall never be said, that Patrick O'Flaherty treated a man scurvily who has been fighting for the dear country that gave him protection—that's flat.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY.—AMERICAN WINE. At the Swiss settlement of Vevay, Indiana, the grape is extensively cultivated, and a very respectable wine called "Constantia," after a Cape Wine of that name, is manufactured. Its sensibles in taste, is manufactured. When Vevay was in its infancy, Mr. Clay, then Speaker of the House of Representatives of the U. S. received a present of three bottles of this wine. Not knowing the value of the present at table, related to us the other day, by a gentleman who heard it, Mr. Kendall, Adjutant General, and surprised to hear that wine of so good a flavor could be made in the west, he took up the decanter past of the day, and on more than one occasion during the fatiguing passage, triumphed over a strong disposition to relieve himself of its contents. On his arrival at the capitol, he sent the "Constantia" to the mint to be assayed, to the President. A few days after this, a grand diplomatic dinner was given at the "White House," and Mr. Clay, among others, had an invitation and attended. After the cloth was removed, the President ordered the servants to bring clean glasses, as he had a new kind of wine, on which he wished to compliment his guests. The glasses were produced, filled with Mr. Clay's "Constantia," and passed round to the company. Clay felt as if the "death agony" was coming on—he feared the result of this comparison of his American wine with the costly European beverages sparkled upon the table. At length, after the smacking of the lips had ceased, the President, addressing himself to Mr. Wirt, then Attorney General, said "Come, Mr. Wirt, you are a connoisseur, what is your opinion of this wine?" Mr. Wirt was asked to tell you the truth, Clay," said Wirt, "I don't know what sort of wine you put down, but I happen to one confounded strong of *Kentucky whiskey.*" Clay felt as if he should sink to the earth with mortification, but keeping his countenance, answered, "Well, I don't know but it does so, I should rather think that it did—but we call this excellent wine in *Kentucky*," and thus the matter passed off with a hearty laugh at the wine of Vevay.

Mr. Clay's friends, however, were not to be satisfied with this explanation, and insisted that he should tell you the truth, Clay," said Wirt, "I don't know what sort of wine you put down, but I happen to one confounded strong of *Kentucky whiskey.*" Clay felt as if he should sink to the earth with mortification, but keeping his countenance, answered, "Well, I don't know but it does so, I should rather think that it did—but we call this excellent wine in *Kentucky*," and thus the matter passed off with a hearty laugh at the wine of Vevay.

A MATCH BROKEN.—A few months ago, a middle aged widower, who we shall call more than his head—and who lassoing songs in Washington, fell in love with a pretty young girl, young enough to be his grand daughter, but old enough in mind to be his wife.

She was rather surprised at the old fellow's paying his addresses to her, but being fond of a joke, she encouraged them for some time.

The widower brought her a variety of presents—some encouragement—love-sick—but all of them indicating little or no taste. Among others, one made against her—although Maria is very pretty musical box. She was a sensible and intellectual girl, and upon the music box being presented to her, she could not help showing a sarcastic leer at the ends of her black eye, and round the edges of her lovely little mouth. Persia set it a going on the table. It played merrily its set of tunes.

"My Sonth," said Maria, "it sounds low—it is not loud enough—and, so merry and lively for herself, to disclose his mind of the foul impressions created by intemperance in a female he will not see her, at least to write, and give some hopeful ray of gentleness and encouragement.

A letter from her to the noble defendant is also mentioned, in which she reproaches him, it is believed bitterly, for his intemperate habits, and their melancholy disastrous results:—She pants for reformation and ruin—and the noble lord has had passed the ordeal unscathed! Separated from her husband herself—she is left to struggle for herself before the world—and dependent, even for a home, upon the generosity of her husband! And her—she contrasts his years and experience with her youth, and asks what atonement can be made for the misery and ruin he has brought upon her—and, in the bitterness of her heart and despair, is said to be full of mourning recollections of her blighted domestic hopes, and of all the fondest affection for her husband and children.—What has answer been returned to this appeal but there is no human heart such an appeal must not penetrate.

Consumption of fuel in a Steamer.—We may associate the daily consumption of coal by marine boilers, allowing them to work upon an average of eight hours per diem, with the labor of a railway carriage, and the consumption of fuel by the former, with that of the latter. Thus, a steamer of 1,000 horse power, in which vessels of this class are usually estimated, will consume 20 lbs. of coal per horse power per hour, which is equal to a quantity of 160 lbs. for each horse power. In short voyages where there will be no stoppage, the daily consumption will be found to exceed this; but the distance traversed will be proportionally greater. When the proportion of power to tonnage is as one horse power to two tons burden, the daily consumption of coal for each horse power will not materially change. We have, then, a steamer of 2,000 tons of four horse power will load a sea-going steamer adapted for a long voyage, with 320 tons of coal, and therefore to carry her 100 miles will require 128 tonnes, or the 1,000 miles 1,280 tonnes. Most of the Mediterranean steamers are capable of taking a quantity of fuel at the rate of 14 tons per hour, which is equal to the consumption of coal by their tonnage is greater than that which would be required by a railway train of 20 loaded carriages, and a locomotive with a tender, therefore, perhaps be warranted in assuming, that it is practicable to carry a quantity of fuel per horse power. At the rate of consumption just mentioned, that would be sufficient for a voyage of 24,000 miles in average weather; but as an allowance of fuel must always be made for emergencies, a steamer would have an extreme limit of distance to work, which would be determined by a relay of coals, a run of about 2,000 miles.—*Lardner on the Steam Engine.*

Laughable Cure for Fits.—A gross imposition, which is on the increase in the United States, and by failing down in fits, pursuaded his usual avocation in Holborn. Mr. Sharp's Cure.—Once when a backney-coachman came up and exclaimed, "Let the poor fellow alone, I know his cure. The man was laid upon the straw, when he kicked and struggled in the most violent manner, until the person who provoked the last brought a light and set down it, the head of which he clapped the recovery of the poor and afflicted man, who, as he thought, was in the act of being murdered, at the most fearful description, started off with the greatest speed, to the no small the laughter of at least two hundred spectators.

Funerals in Quebec.—We are glad that a few expensive practice, in regard to funerals, is introduced into this city. The ostentatious display of the last services and public mark of respect to departed friends, which has been customary with their families any useless expense, which a desire of conforming to established usages, in many instances must have involved. Of late years, we observe with pleasure, that many have wisely dispense with hands, scarfs, gloves, and all other expensive articles which have usually before been furnished to the assistants. Those alterations are certainly for the better, and we hope bring with them, as in Scotland, a crape round the hat, and a sprig of evergreen as sufficient distinction; and the old Canadian custom of walking to the grave of a friend or relation, we trust will not be entirely abandoned. In the old country, the funeral rose near the cemetery, when the assistants instantly plunged into the wine, and a short time was the scene of the most disgusting drunkenness.—*Quebec Mercury.*

The shark immediately turned round and swam slowly towards the boat, with its jaws open, and showing a frightful contest was re-appeared on the opposite side of the shark, which was struggling with the land he had at liberty, and holding the rope which had also by this time made his appearance. His head with the other hand, and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the gunwale of the boat, the man, making a strong effort, threw himself overboard with the shark, and both sank together. Several minutes elapsed before they again appeared, when they both came to the surface, and while the animal was apparently in the act of bi